

TERROR



NO. 29
JUNE - MAY

TALES



10¢

FROM THE

CRYPT

FEATURING



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



FANTASTIC 1950s EC COMICS!



NO. 13
SEPT



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CANADA

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

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FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



BACK ISSUES!!

THE COMIC YOU HOLD IN YOUR HANDS IS PART OF THE CHRONOLOGICAL, FACSIMILE REPRINTING OF THE **FAMOUS (AND INFAMOUS!) EC COMICS** LINE OF THE EARLY 1950s! WE STARTED WITH THE **FIRST ISSUE** OF EACH TITLE AND ARE ON OUR WAY TO THE **BITTER END!** GET ON THE BANDWAGON, AND **FILL IN THE GAPS** IN YOUR COLLECTION FROM THIS BACKLIST!!



CRYPT #1



CRYPT #2



CRYPT #3



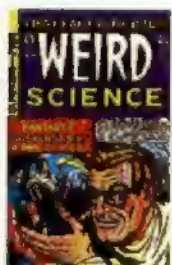
CRYPT #4



CRYPT #5



CRYPT #6



W SCI #1



W SCI #2



W SCI #3



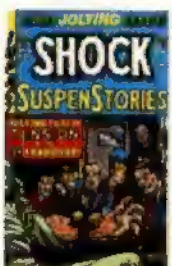
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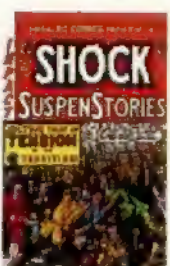
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SHOCK #1



SHOCK #2



SHOCK #3



SHOCK #4



SHOCK #5



SHOCK #6

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THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! ANOTHER *FEW MONTHS...* ANOTHER *\$200...* AND ANOTHER *TALES FROM THE CRYPT*, EH, KIDDIES? GLAD TO SEE YOU! COME IN! COME INTO *THE CRYPT OF TERROR!* THIS IS YOUR *HOST, THE CRYPT-KEEPER, SPOOKING!* I'VE CHOSEN A REAL *MEATY TALE OF TERROR* FROM MY COLLECTION TO START OFF MY BOOK! IT'S A *FAVORITE OF MINE...* ONE THAT I'M SURE WILL MAKE YOUR *BLOOD FREEZE IN YOUR VEINS* AND THE *HAIR ON THE BACK OF YOUR NECK CRAWL!* I CALL THIS *SHIVERY YARN...*

GROUNDS...FOR HORROR!



ARTIE'S STEP-FATHER SLAMMED THE CLOSET DOOR AND TURNED THE KEY! FROM WITHIN CAME THE MUFFLED WAILS OF THE BOY'S PITIFUL CRYING...

AND YOU'LL STAY IN THERE, YOUNG MAN, UNTIL I DECIDE TO LET YOU OUT!

P-P-PLEASE, DADDY! DON'T LOCK ME IN AGAIN! I'LL BE GOOD! SOB... SOB! PLEASE! I PROMISE...



BEHIND ARTIE'S ANGRY STEP-FATHER STOOD A FRAIL-LOOKING, SAD-FACED WOMAN! SHE SHOOK HER HEAD...HER EYES FILLING WITH TEARS...

YOU...YOU *SHOULDN'T*, SAM! YOU *SHOULDN'T* LOCK HIM *IN* THERE EVERY TIME HE'S *BAD*! IT *FRIGHTENS* HIM! IT ISN'T RIGHT!

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!



SAMUEL BRICKER TURNED AND STAMPED OUT OF THE TINY APARTMENT, THROUGH A CURTAINED DOORWAY, INTO THE BUTCHER SHOP IN THE FRONT...

HE'S GOT TO LEARN TO OBEY! THE BRAT IS SPOILED! HE NEEDS TO BE DISCIPLINED!

BUT LOCKING HIM IN A DARK CLOSET IS TOO HARSH...



SAM NEVER HEARD HIS WIFE'S OBJECTION! HE SWUNG OPEN THE HUGE MEAT-REFRIGERATOR DOOR AND STEPPED INSIDE! IN THE APARTMENT BEHIND THE STORE, LILY BRICKER STARED AT THE LOCKED CLOSET DOOR, LISTENING TO HER SON'S QUIET WHIMPERING...

POOR ARTIE! AND HE'S SO SCARED OF THE DARK!

SOB... SOB...



THEN ARTIE'S CRYING STOPPED! SILENCE CLOSED IN AROUND LILY! THE ONLY SOUND WAS THE HUM OF THE ELECTRIC MEAT-GROUNDING MACHINE IN THE SHOP, AS SAM PREPARED AN ORDER OF CHOPPED-MEAT! SUDDENLY, ARTIE GIGGLED...

TEE-HEE EE-E-E!

HE...HE'S LAUGHING! THE LITTLE SCOUNDREL! HE'S NOT AFRAID AT ALL!



LILY SHRUGGED AND RETURNED TO HER HOUSE-WORK! FROM TIME TO TIME SHE WOULD STOP AND LISTEN! FROM THE CLOSET, SHE COULD HEAR ARTIE'S MUFFLED WHISPERS AND AN OCCASIONAL CHUCKLE...

LISTEN TO HIM! HE'S TALKING TO HIMSELF! HE'S PLAYING IN THERE!



AFTER A WHILE, ARTIE'S STEP-FATHER CAME IN FROM THE SHOP AND UNLOCKED THE DOOR! AS THE LIGHT STREAMED INTO THE CLOSET, CHASING THE DARKNESS BEHIND THE HANGING COATS AND PILED BOXES, ARTIE BLINKED UP! HE SAT IN THE CORNER ON THE FLOOR...SMILING...

ALL RIGHT! GET UP! GET OUT! I HAVE AN ORDER FOR YOU TO DELIVER!

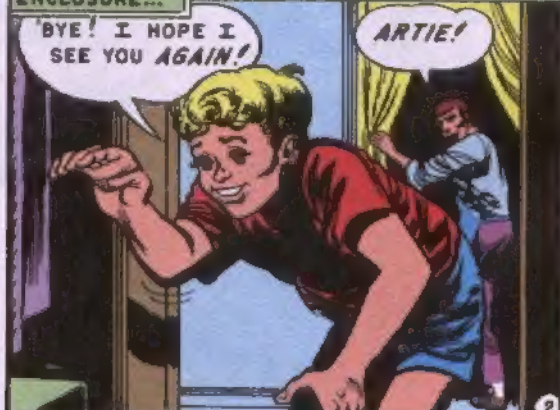
YES, DADDY!



MR. BRICKER TURNED AND STARTED TOWARD THE FRONT! AT THE CURTAINED DOORWAY... HE LOOKED BACK! ARTIE WAS STANDING OUTSIDE THE CLOSET, WAVING HIS CHUBBY LITTLE HAND AND WHISPERING INTO THE CLUTTERED ENCLOSURE...

BYE! I HOPE I SEE YOU AGAIN!

ARTIE!



ARTIE MOVED TOWARD HIS STEP-FATHER, HIS CURLY LITTLE EIGHT-YEAR OLD HEAD BOWED! SAM BRICKER GLARED DOWN AT HIM...

WHO IN BLAZES WERE YOU TALKING TO, JUST THEN?

N-NO ONE, DADDY! I WUZ...JUS' PLAYIN'!

WELL, CUT IT OUT! HERE! YES, TAKE THIS ORDER OVER TO MRS. RAFFERTY...AND DON'T STOP TO TALK TO THE OTHER BRATS ON THE WAY!

YES, DADDY!

ARTIE CURLED HIS ARM AROUND THE SPONGY SOFT BAG OF MEAT, AND SKIPPED OUT THE DOOR! HIS STEP-FATHER SHOUTED AFTER HIM...

YOU'VE GOT TO CLEAN THE CHOPPING BLOCK WHEN YOU GET BACK, SO HURRY UP!

YES, DADDY!

ON HIS WAY BACK FROM DELIVERING MRS. RAFFERTY'S MEAT ORDER, ARTIE WAS STOPPED BY A FEW OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS...

HI, ARTIE! WE GOT A GAME OF HIDE-AN-GO-SEEK COOKED UP!

GEE, FELLERS, I CAN'T. I GOTTA CLEAN THE CHOPPING BLOCK!

AW, C'MON, ARTIE! JUS' FOR A LIL' WHILE!

IT WAS GETTING DARK WHEN ARTIE RETURNED TO THE BUTCHER SHOP! AS HE SHEEPLISHLY ENTERED THE DOOR, HIS STEP-FATHER EXPLODED...

WHERE WERE YOU? YOU'VE BEEN GONE FOR OVER AN HOUR! YOU STOPPED TO PLAY, DIDN'T YOU? DIDN'T YOU?

YES, DADDY! THE KIDS ASKED...

SAM BRICKER PUSHED THE WIRE-BRUSH AT HIS STEP-SON...

I TOLD YOU NOT TO STOP ON THE WAY! DIDN'T I? HERE! GET TO WORK! SCRUB THAT CHOPPING BLOCK SPOTLESS, HEAR ME? AFTER YOU'RE THROUGH, I'LL DEAL WITH YOU!

YES, DADDY! GONNA PUT ME IN THE CLOSET ASHMM, DADDY?

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M GOING TO DO! YOU'LL LEARN TO BE OBEDIENT YET, YOUNG MAN!

YES, DADDY!

YOU KNOW WHAT A BUTCHER'S CHOPPING BLOCK IS, DON'T YOU? IT'S THAT LITTLE TABLE ABOUT THREE FEET SQUARE AND A FOOT OR SO THICK THAT THEY CHOP THE MEAT ON! AFTER A BUSY DAY, IT'S PRETTY MESSY! THE WAY THEY CLEAN IT IS TO SCRAPE THE BLOOD STAINS AND IMBEDDED MEAT WITH A WIRE BRUSH UNTIL ALL TRACES ARE GONE! IT'S A TOUGH JOB FOR A MAN, LET ALONE AN EIGHT-YEAR OLD!



AFTER AN HOUR OR MORE, ARTIE FINALLY FINISHED THE BACK-BREAKING TASK OF SCRUBBING THE BLOCK, AND ENTERED THE APARTMENT BREATHELESS...

I'M FINISHED, DADDY! ARE YOU GOING TO PUT ME IN THE CLOSET, NOW?

THAT'S RIGHT! AND WITHOUT SUPPER, TOO!



OKAY, DADDY! SAM! YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS, MARTHA!



ARTIE OPENED THE CLOSET AND STEPPED IN! HE SANK DOWN UNTIL HE SAT CROSS-LEGGED ON THE CLUTTERED FLOOR! HE SMILED UP AT HIS STEP-FATHER...

I'M READY, DADDY!

NEXT TIME YOU'LL LISTEN TO ME WHEN I TELL YOU SOMETHING!

SAM! PLEASE! HE'S A GROWING BOY! HE NEEDS HIS MEALS!



MR. BRICKER SLAMMED THE DOOR! THERE WAS NO SOUND IN THE TINY APARTMENT BEHIND THE BUTCHER SHOP! HE TURNED THE KEY! STILL NO SOUND! ARTIE'S MOTHER GASPED...

HE...HE DIDN'T CRY! HE... HE SEEMED TO WANT TO BE LOCKED IN!

THE KID'S CRAZY!



THEY LISTENED FOR A MOMENT! ARTIE WAS WHISPERING TO HIMSELF BEHIND THE LOCKED DOOR! THEN HE GIGGLED...

SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE, SAM BRICKER? SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE? LISTEN TO HIM! HE TALKS TO HIMSELF! HE LAUGHS IN THERE! SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE WITH YOUR... PUNISHMENTS?

BAH! HE'S PUTTING ON AN ACT! HE'S TRYING TO KID US! HE'S SCARED STIFF!



SAM STARED OUT THROUGH THE CURTAINED DOORWAY...

I'M GOIN' OVER TO ED'S TO PLAY CARDS! YOU CAN LET 'IM OUT AFTER A WHILE! BUT REMEMBER WHAT I SAID! NO SUPPER!

YES, SAM!



LILY LISTENED FOR THE TINKLE OF THE BELL AS SAM WENT OUT THROUGH THE BUTCHER SHOP! THEN SHE TURNED TO THE CLOSET! INSIDE, ARTIE WAS STILL CHATTERING AWAY IN LOW TONES! LILY TRIED TO MAKE OUT WHAT HE WAS SAYING...

GEE...NO! NOT THAT! UH...UH!
GEE! HE ISN'T...THAT BAD!
HUH? OH, THAT'D BE
OKAY...I GUESS!

ARTHUR?

ARTIE GASPED! THEN HE HUSHED HIS IMAGINARY PLAYMATE! HIS MOTHER UNLOCKED THE CLOSET DOOR AND SWUNG IT OPEN! ARTIE SAT CROSS-LEGGED ON THE FLOOR GRINNING UP AT HER SHYLY...

Y...YES,
MOTHER!

YOU...YOU MUST BE HUNGRY, DEAR!
COME OUT! I'LL GIVE YOU SOME-
THING TO EAT!

ARTIE PEEPED OUT OF THE CLOSET...ABOUT THE TINY APARTMENT...

IS HE... NO! HE'S GONE!
DADDY... BUT YOU'RE NOT TO
AROUND? TELL HIM I FED
YOU...UNDERSTAND?

LILY PLACED THE GLASS OF MILK AND JAM-COVERED BREAD BEFORE HER SMALL SON! SHE SAT DOWN OPPOSITE HIM... STUDYING HIS FACE AS HE GULPED HIS FOOD...

ARTIE! WHO DO
YOU TALK TO IN
THE CLOSET?

HUH?
OH!
YOU
HEARD?

YES! WHO
IS IT? SOME-
ONE YOU
MADE UP?

UH...UH! NOPE!
HE'S REAL! HE
LIVES THERE...
IN THE CLOSET!

REAL?
NOW, ARTIE!
ISN'T HE
JUST IN YOUR
IMAGINATION?

UH...UH! NOPE!
HE WANTS TO
PUNISH DADDY
FOR PUNISHING
ME! HOZIR LIKES
ME!

WHAT'S
HIS
NAME?

HOZIR! HE
WANTED TO DO
SOMETHING
TERRIBLE TO
DADDY! I
WOULDN'T LET
HIM!

ARTIE!
MY
BABY!

BUT I SAID IT'S
OKAY IF HE PUSHES
DADDY SO'S HE
FALLS DOWN AN'
HURTS HIMSELF
A LITTLE! THAT'S
OKAY, ISN'T IT,
MOMMY?

LILY STARED AT HER SON...HER EYES FILLING WITH TEARS! POOR ARTIE! SAM HAD **HURT** HIM BY LOCKING HIM IN THE CLOSET...HURT HIM **BADLY!** SUDDENLY, THE TINKLE OF THE STORE BELL STARTLED HER! SHE JUMPED UP...



SAM BECKER STRODE ACROSS THE SAWDUST-COVERED BUTCHER SHOP FLOOR! AS HE CAME THROUGH THE CURTAINED DOORWAY...



SUDDENLY, SAM SPRAWLED FORWARD, SKIDDING ON HIS FACE...



ARTIE'S STEP-FATHER GOT TO HIS KNEES, CURSING...



LILY STARED IN HORROR AT THE MISCHIEVOUS LOOK ON HER YOUNG SON'S FACE...



ARTIE GRINNED! SAM CAUGHT HIS STEP-SON'S EXPRESSION...



ARTIE'S STEP-FATHER GRABBED HIS SON BY HIS SHIRT COLLAR AND SHOVED HIM INTO THE CLOSET...



SAM SPUN AROUND, GLARING AT HIS WIFE...

YOU SHUT UP!
I'LL HANDLE
THIS MY WAY!

PLEASE, SAM!
YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE
DOING!



SAM STRODE INTO THE SHOP AND FLUNG OPEN THE MEAT-REFRIG-ERATOR DOOR...

YOU LEAVE HIM IN
THERE, LILY! I'M GOING
TO SLICE UP A SIDE
OF BEEF FOR
TOMORROW...

YES,
SAM!



LILY LISTENED FOR THE WHIR OF THE SLICING MACHINE! FINALLY IT STARTED! SHE EDGED TOWARD THE CLOSET... LISTENING...

UH-UH! NOPE! NOT
THAT! THAT'S TOO
TERRIBLE! HUH?
HIS FINGER? OKAY!

ARTIE!
GASP!!



SUDDENLY THE BUTCHER SHOP BEYOND THE CUR-TAINED DOORWAY WAS FILLED WITH A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM...



SAM!

LILY DARTED ACROSS THE APARTMENT, THROUGH THE SHOP, AND INTO THE REFRIGERATOR! SAM STOOD HOWLING BEFORE THE WHIRRING SLICING MACHINE... A HANDKERCHIEF CLUTCHED AROUND ONE HAND...



SAM! WHAT
HAPPENED?

GET ME A DOCTOR, LILY!
QUICKLY! I... I CUT
OFF THE TIP OF MY
FINGER!

IT WAS DIFFICULT FOR SAM BRICKER TO DO HIS WORK IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED! LOPPING OFF THE LAST JOINT OF A FINGER CAN BE QUITE PAINFUL! OF COURSE, HE WAS CRANKIER THAN EVER...



YOU HEARD ME! THAT
BLOCK'S NOT CLEAN!
I SAID SCRUB IT
CLEAN!

I...I RUBBED
AS HARD AS I
COULD, DADDY!

IT WAS ABOUT A WEEK LATER THAT IT HAPPENED! SAM HAD SENT LILY OFF TO A MOVIE THAT NIGHT! HE'D LOST HIS TEMPER WITH ARTIE...



I'M GOING TO **BEAT** YOU
WITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR
LIFE, YOUNG MAN! THEN
I'M GOING TO **LOCK** YOU
IN THAT CLOSET TILL YOUR
MOTHER COMES HOME!

PLEASE, DADDY!
DON'T! DON'T
HIT ME!
HOZIN WON'T
LIKE IT!

WHEN LILY CAME HOME LATE THAT NIGHT, AS SHE OPENED THE SHOP DOOR, SHE HEARD ARTIE CRYING HYSTERICALLY IN THE CLOSET...

ARTIE! MY BABY! MY BABY!



SHE RAN TO THE CLOSET AND OPENED IT! ARTIE LOOKED UP AT HER WITH TEAR-FILLED RED EYES.

I TRIED TO STOP HOZIR... SOB... SOB! HE WOULDN'T LISTEN!

WHAT HAPPENED, DARLING?



DADDY HIT ME! IT MADE HOZIR ANGRY! HOZIR SAID HE'D DO IT THIS TIME! I COULDN'T STOP HIM!

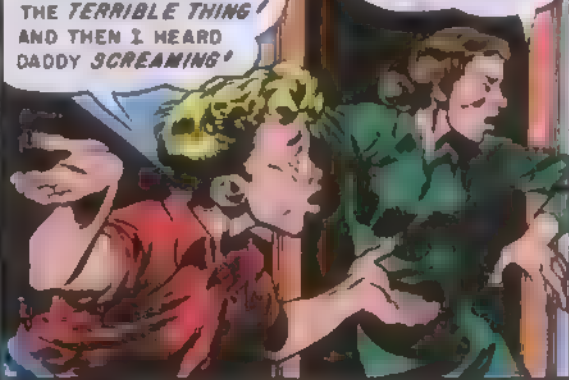
DO WHAT? TELL ME!



SUDDENLY LILY HEARD THE HUMMING...THE HUMMING OF A MOTOR

HOZIR SAID... SOB... SAID HE WAS GOING TO DO THE TERRIBLE THING! AND THEN I HEARD DADDY SCREAMING!

ARTIE! WHAT'S THAT NOISE?



IT'S THE MEAT-GRINDER, MOMMY! HOZIR PUT DADDY IN THE MEAT GRINDER!

GOOD LORD!



LILY RUSHED TO THE MEAT-REFRIGERATOR! THE MEAT-GRINDER WAS ON AND HUMMING! BELOW IT, ON THE FROSTY FLOOR, WAS A HUGE PILE OF RAW CHOP-MEAT

EEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

I TRIED TO STOP HIM, MOMMY! HOZIR WAS ANGRY. ANWFUL ANGRY!



HEH, HEH! YEP, KIDDIES! THAT'S THE STORY! HOZIR MADE *MINGE-MEAT* OUT OF ARTIE'S STEP-DADDY! WELL! HE WASN'T MUCH GOOD, ANYWAY! HE ONLY MARRIED LILY TO GET THE DOUGH TO OPEN THE BUTCHER SHOP! THE DOUGH THAT ARTIE'S REAL DADDY LEFT THEM! OF COURSE, SAM NEVER INTENDED TO END UP SO... SO INVOLVED IN HIS WORK! BY THE WAY! NEXT TIME YOU EAT A

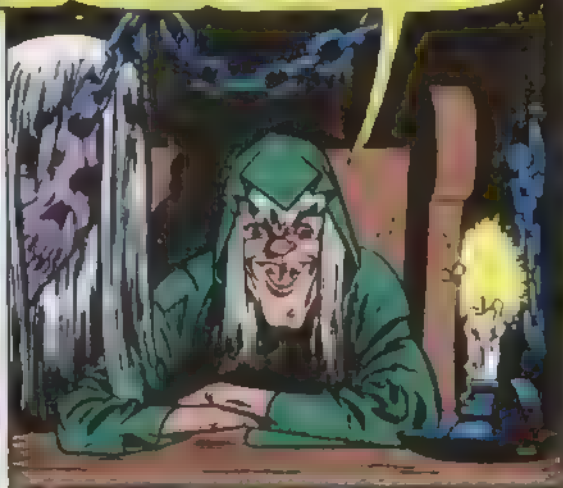
HAMBURGER, DON'T LOOK TOO HARD! YOU MIGHT FIND A GOLD TOOTH IN IT... SAM'S! AND NOW, I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE VAULT-KEEPER! SEE YOU LATER!



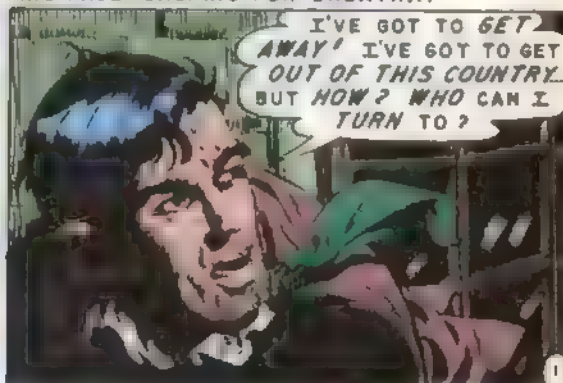
THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! YEP! IT'S YOUR OLD FIEND, *THE VAULT-KEEPER*, SHRIEKING! I SEE MY MOST, C.K., HAS FINISHED HIS...YOU SHOULD PARDON THE EXPRESSION...'*HORROR*' STORY, AND NOW IT'S *MY* TURN! WELL, I'M READY! ARE YOU? GOT THE *SMELLING SALTS* HANDY? GOOD! YOU'LL NEED THEM BEFORE YOU'RE THROUGH WITH *THIS SPINE-TINGLER* I CALL...

A ROTTIN' TRICK!

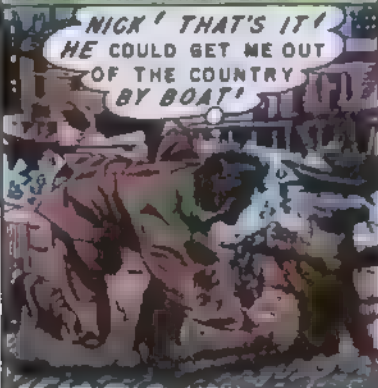


CLINT ASHTON MADE HIS WAY NERVOUSLY DOWN THE DARK WINDING STREET OF THE LITTLE BREEK SEAPORT TOWN! FROM TIME TO TIME, HE WOULD STOP IN THE SHADOWS OF A DOORWAY...LISTENING FOR THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HIM! HE WAS BEING FOLLOWED...HE KNEW THAT! THEY'D TRAILED HIM TO THE WATERFRONT AREA...THEY WERE HOT ON HIS HEELS! HE WIPED HIS PERSPIRING FACE GASPING FOR BREATH...



I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS COUNTRY. BUT HOW? WHO CAN I TURN TO?

AND THEN HE REMEMBERED NICK! ESSIE HAD TOLD HIM NICK WAS A FISHERMAN! NICK HAD A BOAT! NICK COULD HELP HIM! CLINT DARTED ACROSS THE ROAD THAT RAN BESIDE THE WHARVES...



NICK! THAT'S IT! HE COULD GET ME OUT OF THE COUNTRY BY BOAT!

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS CLACKED OVER THE COBBLESTONES BEHIND ASHTON! THEY WERE GETTING CLOSER, NOW! HE HAD TO HIDE! LATER, IF THEY DIDN'T FIND HIM, HE'D LOOK FOR NICK.



THERE'S A SKIFF TIED UP DOWN THERE WITH A TARPULIN ROLLED UP! I'LL HIDE THERE!

CLINT SWUNG HIMSELF OVER THE EDGE OF THE WHARF AND DROPPED INTO THE SKIFF AS NOISELESSLY AS HE COULD! HE UNFURLED THE CANVAS AND, CURLING HIMSELF UP IN THE BOTTOM OF THE BOAT, COVERED HIMSELF WITH IT...



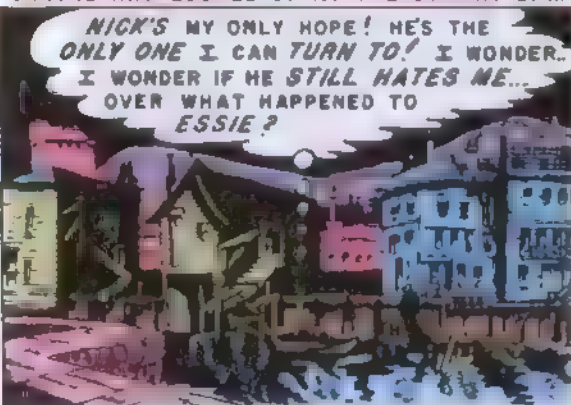
LORD! I'M TIRED! BEEN RUNNING FOR TWO DAYS! GOT TO LIE STILL NOW...CAN'T ATTRACT ATTENTION!

CLINT HELD HIS BREATH AS THE VOICES AND FOOTSTEPS DREW NEAR! HE COULD HEAR THEM HESITATE OVERHEAD ON THE WHARF, TALKING TO EACH OTHER IN LOW TONES! A FLASH OF LIGHT STREAMED IN THROUGH A TINY HOLE IN THE TARPULIN, AND CLINT KNEW THEY WERE COVERING THE PIER AND ITS BOATS WITH A FLASHLIGHT...



THEY'D KILL ME ON SIGHT IF THEY SPOTTED ME!

THEN THE VOICES AND THE FOOTSTEPS DIED AWAY, AND CLINT BREATHED A SIGH OF RELIEF! SOON ONLY THE LAPPING OF THE WATER AND THE CREAKING OF THE PILINGS COULD BE HEARD! CLINT THREW BACK THE CANVAS AND LOOKED UP AT THE STARRY SKY.



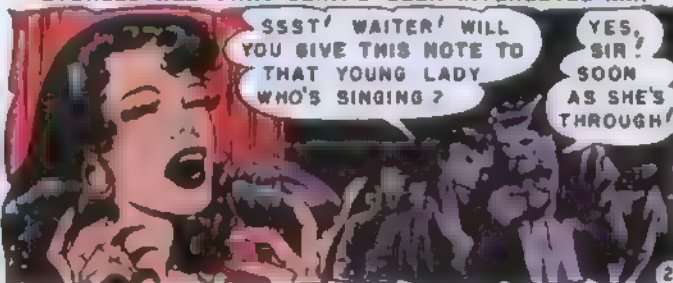
NICK'S MY ONLY HOPE! HE'S THE ONLY ONE I CAN TURN TO! I WONDER... I WONDER IF HE STILL HATES ME... OVER WHAT HAPPENED TO ESSIE?

CLINT LOOKED AT HIS WATCH! IT WAS THREE-THIRTY! SOON IT WOULD BE GETTING LIGHT AND THE FISHERMEN WOULD BE COMING DOWN TO THEIR BOATS! HE'D LOOK FOR NICK THEN! CLINT LIT A CIGARETTE AND BEGAN PUFFING IT! HE LAY BACK, HIS HEAD ON THE SKIFF'S STERN-SEAT, AND



SHE WAS ALL RIGHT... ESSIE! REAL GORGEOUS BABE! YEAH...I LIKED THAT DOLL!

CLINT'D MET ESSIE RIGHT THERE IN THAT SEACAST TOWN ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO! HE'D HIRED A TOURING CAR IN ATHENS AND COME DOWN THE COAST LOOKING FOR A LITTLE RELAXATION! HE'D MADE HIS ROUNDS OF THE WATERFRONT JOINTS AND THEN HE'D SEEN HER! THE CHEAP TWO-BIT BAND HAD ALMOST DROWNED OUT HER VOICE...BUT THE SPOTLIGHT'D REVEALED ALL THAT CLINT'D BEEN INTERESTED IN...



SSST! WAITER! WILL YOU GIVE THIS NOTE TO THAT YOUNG LADY WHO'S SINGING?

YES, SIR! SOON AS SHE'S THROUGH!

AFTER HER SONG, ESSIE'D COME TO CLINT'S TABLE...

I... I RECEIVED YOUR NOTE!

SO I SEE! WON'T YOU... SIT DOWN?

EVEN IN THAT SMOKE-FILLED DIVE, ESSIE'D LOOKED LIKE A HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STAR.

YOU'RE AN AMERICAN. AREN'T YOU?

YES! IS MY GREEK THAT BAD?

NO! YOU SPEAK IT QUITE WELL! IT IS YOUR CLOTHES! THAT IS HOW I CAN TELL!

YOU'RE A CLEVER GIRL, MISS. MISS. ER... WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

IT IS A VERY LONG, VERY HARD NAME TO PRONOUNCE! BUT YOU CAN CALL ME **ESSIE!**

MY NAME'S CLINTON ASHTON! CALL ME **CLINT!** WOULD YOU HAVE LUNCH WITH ME TOMORROW, ESSE?

I... I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T THINK SO! IF **NICK** WERE TO FIND OUT

NICK? WHO'S NICK? DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE MARRIED?

NOT AS YET! **NICK** AND I ARE **ENGAGED!** WE ARE TO BE MARRIED AS SOON AS HE HAS PAID OFF THE BOAT!

THE BOAT? OH! YOUR BOYFRIEND'S A FISHERMAN?

YES! AND VERY JEALOUS! HE HAS INSISTED THAT AS SOON AS WE ARE MARRIED, I STOP WORKING!

BUT YOU'RE NOT MARRIED YET, ESSIE! I STILL HAVE A CHANCE!

THAT NIGHT, CLINT'D CHECKED IN AT THE TOWN'S ONLY HOTEL! AS HE'D UNDRESSED FOR BED



SHE'S A CUTE BABE! THIS IS GOING TO BE FUN!

THAT'S THE WAY CLINTON ASHTON HAD ALWAYS BEEN! WITH THE INHERITANCE HE'D GOTTEN FROM HIS WEALTHY FATHER, CLINT'D TAKEN TO TRAVELING AROUND THE WORLD .. MAKING 'CONQUESTS'! ESSIE WAS TO BE JUST ANOTHER NAME ON HIS ALREADY LENGTHY LIST! THE NEXT DAY



ESSIE! SO YOU DID COME!

YES! I KNOW I SHOULDN'T HAVE, BUT...

CLINT'D TAKEN HER HAND...

YOU COULDN'T HELP IT! COULD YOU? LAST NIGHT SOMETHING HAPPENED... BETWEEN YOU AND I... SOMETHING WONDERFUL!

PLEASE CLINT! PEOPLE ARE WATCHING!



THEY'D GONE FOR A DRIVE. HE AND ESSIE! THEY'D DRIVEN OUT OF TOWN AND UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS WHERE THEY'D BE SAFE FROM PRYING EYES.



P-PLEASE, CLINT! I HARDLY KNOW YOU! PLEASE!

YOU KNOW ALL THERE IS TO KNOW, ESSIE! YOU KNOW THAT I LOVE YOU! LET'S NOT FIGHT IT!

IT'D BEEN AS EASY AS THAT! CLINT HAD A WAY WITH WOMEN! HE KNEW IT! IN FACT, ESSIE'D BEEN A PUSHOVER! BUT SHE'D BEEN PRETTIER THAN MOST, SO CLINT'D HUNG AROUND LONGER THAN USUAL! THEN ONE DAY, COMING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN FROM ONE OF THEIR DAILY DRIVES



THE BRAKES! THEY WON'T HOLD! THE CAR'S OUT OF CONTROL!

EEEEEEEEEE!

JUST BEFORE THE CAREENING CAR PLUNGED OVER THE EMBANKMENT, CLINT'D JUMPED CLEAR! ESSIE WENT DOWN WITH THE CAR, SPINNING OVER AND OVER.



SHE'D BEEN BADLY HURT! CLINT'D GOTTEN AWAY WITH A FEW SCRATCHES! THAT NIGHT, CLINT'D MET NICK FOR THE FIRST TIME! HE'D COME TO CLINT'S HOTEL ROOM



LOOK, NICK! I'M SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO ESSIE! I TRIED TO STOP! THE BRAKES

SHE SHE WILL BE DISFIGURED FOR LIFE, MR. ASHTON! HER FACE HAS BEEN. SOB SOB

YES! I KNOW, NICK!
I SPOKE TO THE DOCTOR!
BUT...WHY DID YOU
COME HERE TONIGHT?

YOU...YOU WILL
MARRY HER
STILL, EH, MR.
ASHTON? THIS
WILL NOT MAKE
A DIFFERENCE?

MARRY HER?
DON'T BE A FOOL,
NICK! I NEVER
INTENDED TO
MARRY HER!

WHAT? BUT SHE TOLD
ME...WHEN SHE GAVE ME
BACK THE RING! SHE
SAID YOU'D TALKED
ABOUT IT!

TALK IS
CHEAP, NICK!
BESIDES, I'D
BE A FOOL
TO MARRY
HER, NOW!

THEN YOU
NEVER LOVED
HER, EH? THIS
WAS JUST...A
GAME WITH
YOU?

THAT'S RIGHT,
NICK! JUST A
GAME! NOW
THE GAME'S
OVER CALLED
BECAUSE OF
RAIN! AND I'M
HITTING THE
ROAD!

YOU
ARE NO
GOOD,
MR. ASHTON!

MARRY THE
GIRL YOURSELF,
NICK!

I WILL...IF
SHE WILL
HAVE ME!

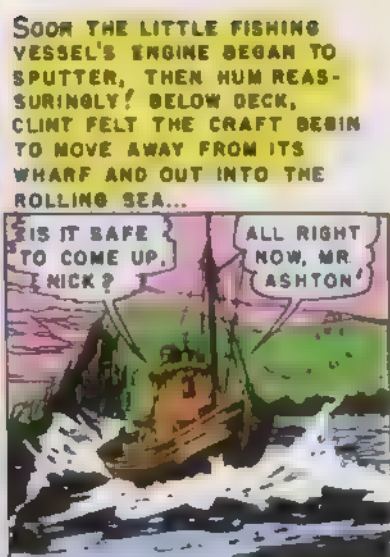
THAT'S WHAT'D HAPPENED! CLINT'D HOPPED A
TRAIN NORTH...OUT OF ESSIE'S AND NICK'S LIVES!
NOW, CLINT WONDERED WHAT NICK WOULD SAY
WHEN THEY'D MEET! OVERHEAD, THE SKY WAS
LIGHTENING! DAWN WAS COMING UP

CLINT COMBED THE WATERFRONT SEARCHING
THE SLEEPY FACES FOR NICK! FINALLY HE
SPOTTED HIM, WORKING OVER THE ENGINE OF
HIS SMALL BUT STURDY-LOOKING CRAFT

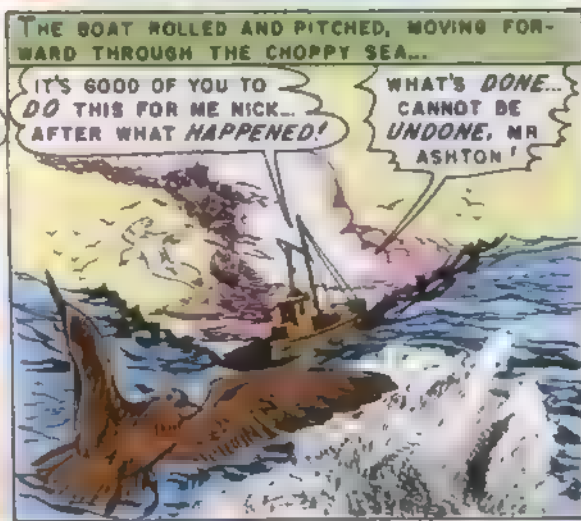
IT'S GETTING LIGHT! I BETTER
START LOOKING FOR NICK!

YES, NICK! IT'S ME! CLINTON
ASHTON! I'M IN TROUBLE, NICK!
BAD TROUBLE! I NEED HELP!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS
COUNTRY!

A
WOMAN!
AGAIN,
MR. ASHTON?



CLINT LOOKED BACK AT THE RECEDING GREEK
MAINLAND...



THEY SAILED IN SILENCE ACROSS THE TOSSING
BLUE WATER! SOON A SMALL ISLAND ROSE LIKE
A SPECK ON THE HORIZON, GROWING STEADILY
LARGER...



CLINT PRESSED THE THOUSAND LIRA INTO
NICK'S HAND AS THE BOAT SKIRTED THE
ISLAND'S SHORE-LINE AND ENTERED A SMALL
WHITE-BEACHED BAY.



CLINT SLIPPED OVER THE SIDE OF NICK'S BOAT! NICK WAS RIGHT! THE WATER WAS WAIST-HIGH! CLINT STARTED TO WADE TOWARD THE WHITE BEACH...

NICK'S BOAT BEGAN TO DRIFT.

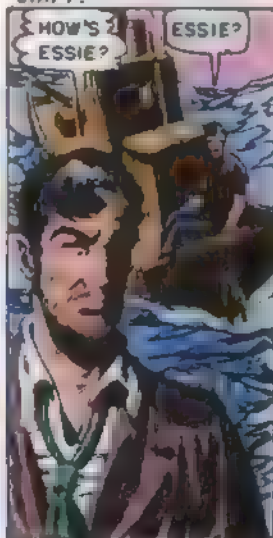
THE GAP BETWEEN THEM WIDENED...

CLINT WAS NEARING THE BEACH! THEY HAD TO SHOUT TO HEAR EACH OTHER...



OH, BY THE WAY, NICK! I FORGOT TO ASK YOU...

YES, MR. ASHTON?



HOW'S ESSIE?

ESSIE?



YES! HOW IS SHE? YOU TWO EVER GET MARRIED?

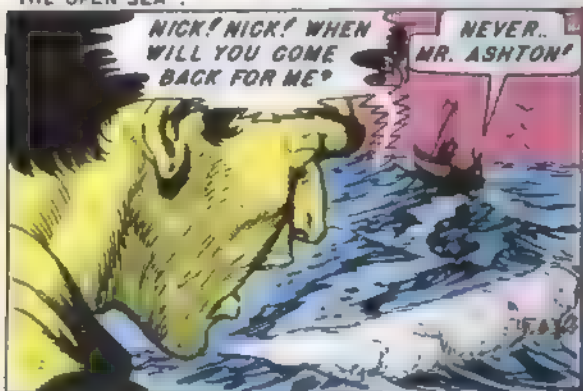
NO, MR. ASHTON!



GEE, THAT'S TOO BAD, NICK! WHY NOT?

BECAUSE SHE KILLED HERSELF, MR. ASHTON!

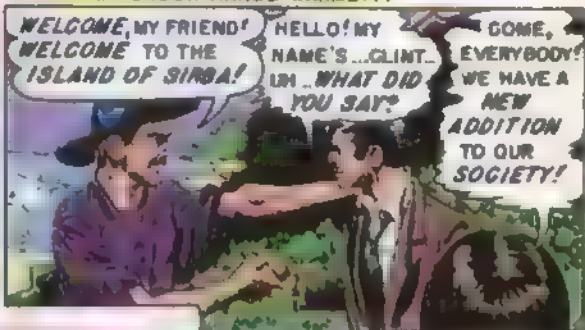
CLINT SPUN AROUND! NICK HAD STARTED THE ENGINE! THE SMALL BOAT WAS TURNING AND HEADING FOR THE OPEN SEA.



NICK! NICK! WHEN WILL YOU COME BACK FOR ME?

NEVER... MR. ASHTON!

CLINT STOOD THERE ON THE WHITE SAND, WATCHING THE BOAT DISAPPEAR OVER THE HORIZON! THEN HE TURNED! TWO PASTY-FACED MEN STOOD BEFORE HIM! ONE OF THEM EXTENDED A LUMPY HAND! NICK TOOK IT AND THEY SHOOK HANDS WARMLY...



WELCOME, MY FRIEND! WELCOME TO THE ISLAND OF SIRBA!

HELLO! MY NAME'S... CLINT. UM... WHAT DID YOU SAY?

COME, EVERYBODY! WE HAVE A NEW ADDITION TO OUR SOCIETY!

THEY CAME FROM BEHIND THE TREES AND BRUSH THAT BORDERED THE WHITE BEACH! THEY CAME WITH THEIR FESTERING SORES, THEIR ASH-WHITE SKIN, THEIR BLOATED FEATURES! THEY GATHERED AROUND CLINT, TOUCHING HIM, EXAMINING HIM CURIOUSLY! HORRIBLY DISTORTED REMAINS OF HUMANITY. GRINNING! GURGLING! SOME BLIND... SOME WITH FINGERS GONE... LEGS WITHERED AWAY... ARMS ROTTED OFF! THEY WELCOMED HIM.



WELCOME TO SIRBA! WELCOME!

SIRBA! GOOD LORD! THIS IS THE LEPER COLONY!

HEH, HEH! AND THERE'S NO GETTING AWAY FROM IT EITHER, CLINT! THAT'S WHY NICK SAID HE'S NEVER COMING BACK FOR YOU! YOU GOT IT, KID... LEPROSY, THAT IS! SURE! DIDN'T YOU SHAKE HANDS WITH 'EM? DIDN'T THEY TOUCH YOU? COME, CLINT! NO USE GOING TO PIECES RIGHT AWAY! YOU WILL IN DUE TIME, ANYWAY! AND NOW, KIDDIES, I'LL TURN YOU BACK TO THE CRYPT-KEEPER!



'BYE! SEE YOU NEXT IN MY OWN MAG, THE VAULT OF HORROR!



THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

President and CEO—Stephen A. Geppi

Publisher—Russ Cochran

Dear Crypt-Keeper

I really like the story in CRYPT #11, "Well-Cooked Hams!" I guess what goes around comes around

Orlando Garcia
1729 W Superior
Chicago IL 60622

Especially on a rotisserie!

—CK

In CRYPT #10 you made a mistake Under your "IAHF" column you said I was from Texas! Caught you!

CRYPT #10 was a good issue "Bargain in Death!" was an excellent story. Said it all "Ants in her Trance!" was pretty boring and the worst story in the book. "A-Corny Story" wasn't that good. No offense, but you can do better "The Ventriquist's Dummy!" was a good story. I really liked the end

John Brown
Hannan TN

I like what you look like on the show better than in the comic I like dead zombies better than living people How come the Old Witch looks the oldest?

James Franco
Agawam, MA

That's what I need—leading questions!

—CK

Once or twice on your show, you referred to your pet named Scab What exactly is Scab? And how might I one day become an accomplished GhouLunatic, like you? Your willing minion of the darkness.

James Farr, age 15
Owasso, OK

Scab is a crusty lil' devil, hired during the extras' strike.

—CK

Though I'm not a fan of comics, I love all the ECs (except WEIRD SCIENCE and FANTASY). In France, it is very difficult to find some of it or they cost too much In addition we cannot [get back issues]

I have known "Tales from the Crypt" by the TV show but today I prefer the comics I'm a new fan tell me how I can [get] your [comics]. Does a catalogue exist?

To the Crypt-Keeper: You are bad, very bad, and I love it! [You] are better than "Asterix & Obelix." I love your concept

David Gries
Montreuil, FRANCE

All back issues are available, check the end of the column. Order lots at once and minimize shipping costs. Better than "Asterix"? Wow!

—CK

What comic book is Demon Knight in? Do you know anything about a fan club? What comic book is "Split Personality" in?

Now I want to tell you about my finger nails I paint them black in honor of you. I also have blood red lipstick

Teagan Prieto
Cowpens, SC

Demon Knight is in no original EC comic. They made him up! "Split Personality!" is in VAULT #30 (will be our #19). (Blood red lipstick is better than lips sticky with red blood—or is it?)

—CK

I am writing because in your last issue there was a letter from someone using my name. I was not amused I have disposed of the impostor Anyone else who attempts it will suffer the same fate There is only one Demon of the Dark and it's me!

Dark Demon
address unknown

Who is the Dark Demon? Is he some kind of EC joke? Please print my address.

Pete Anelli age 10
10 Lambert ST
Washington NJ 07892

We're not sure who he is, but we figure he's not to be messed with!

—CK

I've been collecting all the EC horror comic books and I have exactly 40 issues. I've also looked through other comic books, some lesser-known titles by DC and other stuff but nothing else has quite the unique original creative, eye-catching, innovative writing or art styles as EC EC has got to be the most worthwhile, entertaining get-all-your-money's-worth comic around

Audrey Sheehan
address unknown

1) Did Berni Wrightson draw some stories for EC? 2) Who's the creator of The Crypt-Keeper?

Marc Gras I Cots
Barcelona SPAIN

EC predates Wrightson by 15 years, but Berni's work owes much to Ingels' EC stuff. I guess I'm 50% Gaines, 50% Feldstein—and all-boy!

—CK

MORE HBO STUFF

Thanks to David Lowery II for shedding some light on this whole "Abra Cadaver" mystery. And I have to agree with Chad Kushkins: "You, Murderer" was totally slamin'! Also if anyone wants to buy some "Crypt" cards, I've got quite a few packs, so get in touch with me

Was HBO's "The Man Who Was Death" based on "A Shocking Way to Die!" in CRYPT #5?

Please continue to print my address, and if anyone out there wants to buy some cards or just to hang out via mail write to me

Myron James
RR 4 BX 141
Rockville IN 47872

We've seen only one HBO episode ("The Reluctant Vampire"), but assume "Man" was based on the story of the same name in CRYPT 1.

—CK

If you want you can put me in your comic I always wanted to be a vampire or a zombie. I send you my picture so you know what I look like But don't show it to anyone else! Please print my [address]

Dominik Zakrzewski
61-27 56 RD
Maspeth, NY 11378

I looked at your picture—maybe you should try out for ghou!

—CK

I really enjoyed CRYPT #11, the artwork by Joe Orlando in *Madam Bluebeard* was in my opinion some of his best. "Return!" was a good story. Wasn't there a story called "Return" in one of your sci-fi comics?

A few things I noticed in this issue: You completely left out all of the greetings such as "Dear Crypt-Keeper." I guess this was because you received many letters and had to make room. Also, I noticed that you now are publishing at a different place. Please print my address.

Brandon Hendrix

POB 117
Broken Bow, OK 74728

A "Return" was in W SCI 5 (and a "Return Blow" in CRIME 23, a "Round Trip" in W S-F 6, and a complete turnaround in "Revolution" in 2FIST 11). —CK

Whaddaya hear whaddaya say? I just put down Tales from the Crypt #12 and all I can say is "Wow!" I'm impressed! Again!

"A-Corny Story" had to be my favorite. I don't know why. It wasn't as spooky as the others, maybe because you were the narrator, Crypt!

How about making another EC title that adapts your Saturday morning cartoon? Please? Pretty please? Ugly please? Please print my address (don't give it to Professor van Helsing, though. Ha!) And doubt thee never, "Blood is thicker than water and lastier, too!"

Tony Martinez

6041 S California AV
Chicago, IL 60629

I love your comics! My mom isn't too crazy about you, though. I'm a big horror fan. I watch DARK SHADOWS and stuff like that.

[Your] TV shows are okay but nothing can match the original stories. The movie that was made back in 1972 is dumb. You tell Patrick Burkett that Mike Miller said it was dumb!

I would like to ask you if you could give me some tips for a book I'm writing. It's about 5 strangers that try to fight off zombies that are attacking New York City. So far, the book isn't scary.

Could you give me some ideas on how to make my room look like yours?

Mike Miller

Middletown, PA

Sure! Dust your room weekly. I use two buckets of dust. —CK

In the original "Crypt" movie (1972) what is the title of the story that stars the great Peter Cushing as old Arthur Grimsdyke, and in which issue does it appear in? You may print my address.

Alan Raine

Fern House
22 Plawsworth RD
Sacrison Durham
DH7 6PB ENGLAND

According to my notes (made in the dark!), that's "Poetic Justice!" from HAUNT 12. They changed the names to protect the guilty! —CK

I must say, I was overjoyed with this issue of CRYPT. It's the only issue—No! Make that the only comic I've ever read all the way through and been totally satisfied with every single story! Please print my address. (Ever notice that the Crypt-Keeper's mummy in Lower Berth looks just like the HBO Crypt-Keeper with black hair?) Freakingly

Myron James

RR 4 BOX 141
Rockville IN 47872

Watch for the "Berth" announcement in our CRYPT 17 (or jump the gun and get GLAD CRYPT 1). —CK

HBO's "Abra Cadaver" That show has changed many of the stories to the point where they have absolutely no resemblance to the original story whatsoever. In some cases, such as "Three's a Crowd," I think that HBO actually improved on the original story. But in other stories it seems like someone's big ego just got in the way of us getting to see a good story. But as far as I know, "Abra" is the only story where they changed the title. In terms of plot this story most closely resembles the story "Dead Right" from CRYPT (original EC) 37, which will be your number 21.

Warren Standfield

Sunnyvale CA

Will there ever be any (HBO "Crypt") episodes released on video? Due to my unfortunate financial crisis, I was forced to cancel my cable TV. If you print my letter (you have my permission) I will give you my first born child—or a check for five bucks.

Eloise Radke

Gilbert AZ

I hate to pass up moola, but I don't know. Readers? —CK

I'm writing this letter in regards to your HBO "Crypt" cards. You see, I'm missing card number 25 from my collection. If you have any information on this I would really like to know! Enough about your cards, and more about your comics! They're simply wonderful, just like the old Vault-Keeper's tales! Your covers are great, bright, and full of detail! Jack Davis is the best (at least I think) at drawing you. Al Feldstein is great at drawing corpse's faces and bodies! Kamen is still the best I think. Your fan and reader.

Grant Smith age 11

Stamford, CT

I think you are an extremely sexy zombie. The only thing I don't understand is that you look different on TV (even sexier!).

One more thing, ALIEN and PUMPKIN HEAD, have nothing on you. I am free for a date anytime, I'm looking for an older man zombie with lots of money. I AM a female so don't get nervous.

Tomorrow is Mardi Gras, so "Happy Mardi Gras!" from New Orleans!

C. Delaune 21

Merrero, LA

You are a female; that's what makes me nervous! A date in New Orleans would make being a zombie worth it (oh, that seafood!). —CK



IAHF (I also heard from):

Danny Epping N Lewisburg, OH
Jeffrey Jones, Jr. ("print my address")

4231 Bensalem BLVD Bensalem, PA 19020

Dave Kelly Topeka, KS

Andy Kimble ("print my address")

210 E Heritage DR Minooka, IL 60447

Nathan (Killer Kid) Lavender

address unknown

Jess Lovelace Anchorage, AK

Derek McQuarrie Houston, TX

Chris (POG) Peklay address unknown

Barren Saidans Pueblo, CO

Jonathan Smith Houston, TX

Derek Steed Alliance, OH

Rene Witte Temperance, MI

Andrea Witting, age 8 Jamaica, NY

I am po'd at Taras Berezowsky, who wrote to you guys complaining about CRYPT #10. So what if the ending of your story "Political Pull" was unrealistic?

Half of your stories are, but they're still good. A true CRYPT fan would bite their lip and stand by their comic knowing that some stories are good and some stories are bad.

It is true that everyone is entitled to their own opinion and this is mine. The next time somebody has something bad to say about your guys, they can write to me (please print my address). My friends agree with me and so does my family.

Rosalie Ertl

7 Park ST
Shortsville, NY 14548

Your movie, DEMON NIGHT, kicked butt. I liked the part where he *. I saw it the first day it came out, at the movies. Everyone kept on clapping at a cool part. I want to know why it wasn't scary. I thought the movie was funny! I also got HAUNT (#10). I liked "Bum Steer!". I have a Crypt Keeper doll and I put a bandana on it so it would look like me.

name unknown

address unknown

* deleted 'cause it grossed even MS out!

Why not get a troll doll and put a BANANA on it so it'll look like The Old Witch!

—CK

The first thing I do when I get a new issue is look at the letter column, or "Crypt-Keeper's Corner." Tell whoever does the Crypt-Keeper (they are) very funny! Sometimes I find myself laughing out loud!

By the way in issue #8, what was the size of a bed sheet? A poster? I'm making a comic, I'll send you (a copy).

Joey Dunn

Palm Desert, Ca

Ahem! I do MY OWN lettercolumn, and darn right I'm amusing! In CRYPT 8, I was talking about the tabloid-sized (about 10" by 13") EXTRA-LARGE CRYPT. We still have copies of the only issue, \$8 plus the usual s&h.

—CK

I don't normally like to read, but I really enjoy reading your chilling tales of terror, along with those of your colleagues, The Vault-Keeper and The Old Witch. Even more, I like to watch your TV show. You look better on TV than in your comic. Do you think you'll ever have The Vault-Keeper and The Old Witch as guests on your TV show? That would be cool! Your friend

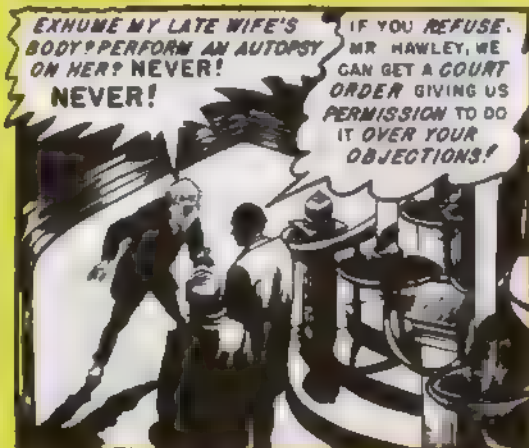
Matt Jewett

Ravenna, OH

Sure, they can be on my show—when I run a doubleheader! Meh, heh!

—CK

NEXT ISSUE



I love CRYPT comics. I get any EC comics I can. I hear there is a new series of HBO CRYPT cards coming out. Did anyone at the EC comics have anything to do with "Demon Knight?" Please print my address so people can write to me. I need someone to talk to in my town! I am ten years old.

Pete Anelli

10 Lambert ST
Washington, NJ 07882

Meh, we don't work on the movie and TV stuff. They succeed or fail on their own. Of course, if they increase interest in the comics...

—CK

I like your terror stories especially the "The Living Corpse" [CRYPT 2]. It was so cool. He strangles him, then he has bad nightmares. In fact I liked the whole book.

Greg Lloyd

Tovola, UT

Er, to be clear, the guy who gets strangled had the bad nightmares. To be fair, that was one of our more disjointed presentations (you'll note I didn't do a personal introduction!). Wood's nightmares saved the story, if you ask me. They're so cool!

—CK

PASSED YOUR EYES DEPT.

Did you catch the original EC error intentionally left in this comic? In one of the stories, there is a misplaced 'name' which was not removed after a word balloon was corrected and before the art was added. Meh-heh!

NEXT ISSUE



Also available this month are WEIRD SCIENCE and SHOCK. Watch for VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-FISTED next month. Don't forget HAUNT, FRONTLINE COMBAT and CRIME. Get them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic for details!).

BACK ISSUES: CRYPT #1 (subject to availability), \$3 each. All others up thru issue #3, \$1.50 each. Issues #4 and up, \$2 each. Don't forget the entire 11-issue run of WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY/INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION! Add \$8 per order (\$10 outside US) for S&H.

Write to:
CRYPT
GEMSTONE
POB 448
WEST PLAINS, MO 65055

THIS COMIC REPRINTS

TALES FROM THE CRYPT "#29" (#13, APR/MAY 82)

COVER by Jack Davis

"Grounds for Horror!"

"A Rottin' Trick!"

"Board to Death!"

"A Sucker for a Spider!"

Jack Davis

Joe Orlando

Jack Kamen

Graham Ingels

We welcome letters of comment. We cannot promise to acknowledge publication or answer letters. We will do so only if they are clearly stated and signed. We will not publish letters that are abusive or defamatory. We will not publish letters that are abusive or defamatory. We will not publish letters that are abusive or defamatory.



HERE'S THE CHILLING TALE OF
A GAL WHO FOUND SHE WAS...

BOARD To DEATH!



THE BUZZING THE INCESSANT DRONING HAMMERED INTO MYRNA'S EARS AS SHE CAME TO! SHE FELT HER HEART POUNDING IN HER CHEST, WATCHING THE RISE AND FALL OF THE CONTINUOUS HUMMING! MYRNA OPENED HER EYES BUT SHE SAW NOTHING! ONLY A VOID OF BLACK FILLED WITH THE EAR-SPLITTING ROAR! SHE FELT DIZZY AND SICK...

WHAT. WHERE. WHERE
AM I?



MYRNA TRIED TO MOVE! ACROSS HER CHEST A BAND OF SOMETHING TAUT DUG IN! HER LEGS WERE FASTENED ALSO! MYRNA GASPED! SHE WAS TIED UP! THE HUMMING SOUND CONTINUED! MYRNA MOVED HER HAND! HER HAND WAS FREE! SHE REACHED UP INTO THE DRONING DARKNESS AND TOUCHED SOMETHING... SOMETHING FLAT AND HARD ABOVE HER! FEAR CLUTCHED AT MYRNA'S HEART NOW! SHE REACHED OUT TO HER SIDE AND SCREAMED...

I... I'M IN A COFFIN! I'M BURIED
ALIVE! HE DID IT! HE DID IT!



MYRNA LIFTED HER OTHER HAND AND BEAT HER SMALL FISTS ON THE FIRM WALLS AROUND HER! AGAIN SHE SHRIEKED...

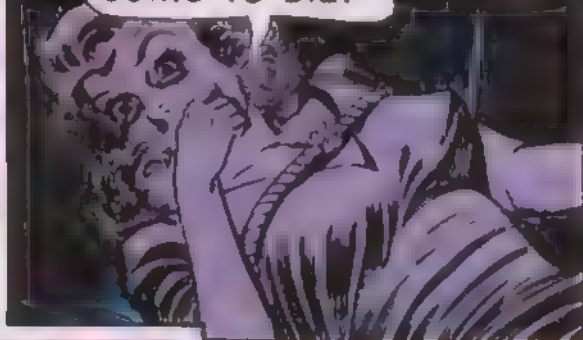
OH, LORD...HELP ME! SOMEBODY HELP ME! HE'S BURIED ME ALIVE!

EEEEEEEEEEEEEE...



THEN MYRNA BEGAN TO SOB! SHE RAN HER BRUISED FINGERS AROUND HER WOODEN PRISON! THE BUZZING IN HER HEAD KNIFED INTO HER BRAIN...

I'M SUFFOCATING! THAT'S WHAT'S HAPPENING! THE BUZZING...I...I...I'M GOING TO DIE!



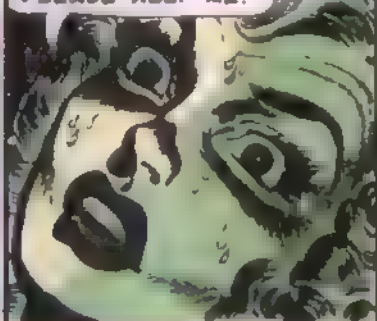
MYRNA REACHED DOWN AND TOUCHED THE HEAVY ROPE THAT CUT INTO HER HEAVING CHEST...

HE...HE TIED ME DOWN! BUT HE FORGOT MY HANDS!



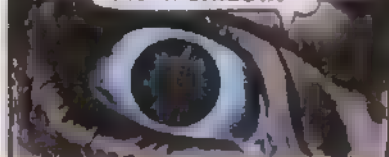
SHE UNDOED THE KNOT AND BREATHED HARD AS SHE FLUNG THE ROPES BACK! BUT THE HUMMING SOUND CONTINUED...

I...I'M GETTING DIZZY! I FEEL MYSELF FALLING! HELP! SOMEBODY... PLEASE HELP ME!



MYRNA'S COFFIN PRISON SEEMED TO BE TURNING...SPINNING! HER LEGS WERE STILL TIED AND IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR HER TO REACH THE ROPES THAT SECURED THEM! SHE LAY BACK GASPING...

I...I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HERB ACTUALLY DID IT! HE'D THREATENED TO DO IT SO OFTEN! HE KNEW I WAS AFRAID OF BEING BURIED ALIVE! EVER SINCE I WAS A CHILD...



I REMEMBER THE INCIDENT SO WELL! I WAS PLAYING IN AN OLD ABANDONED MINE! I MUST HAVE JARRED A SHORING POLE LOOSE...BECAUSE THE NEXT THING I KNEW...

THE ROOF! IT'S CAVING IN! EEEEEEEEEEE...



IT TOOK THEM FOUR HOURS TO DIG THEIR WAY THROUGH TO ME! I CRIED ALL THE WHILE! FINALLY, THE BLACK DIRT FELL AWAY, AND A GRIMY FACE GRINNED AT ME...

SOB... SOB... SOB... I'M GOING TO DIE!

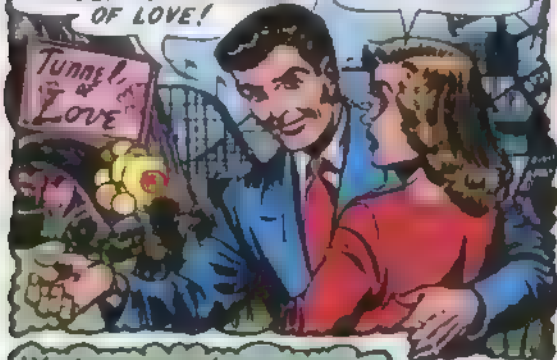
TAKE IT EASY, KID! YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW! WE'VE GOT YOU! YOU'RE SAFE!



'EVER...EVER SINCE THEN, I'VE BEEN DEADLY AFRAID OF BEING BURIED ALIVE!' HERB KNEW IT! I TOLD HIM ON OUR FIRST DATE! WE'D GONE TO ONE OF THOSE AMUSEMENT PARKS...

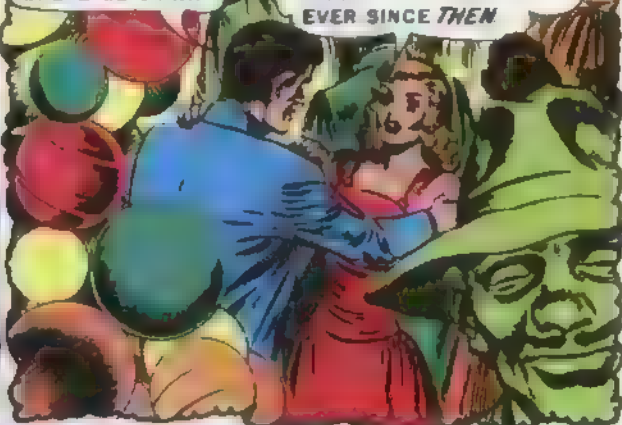
C'MON, MYRNA! DON'T BE A PRUDE. IT'S THE TUNNEL OF LOVE!

NO, HERB! NO! I'M AFRAID!



WHAT ARE YOU SCARED OF, MYRNA? IT'S JUST A DARK PLACE WHERE WE CAN...

IT'S SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED TO ME WHEN I WAS A KID, HERB! I WAS CAUGHT IN A CAVE-IN! EVER SINCE THEN



'YES! HERB KNEW! AND LATER WHEN WE WERE MARRIED HE USED TO JOKE ABOUT IT...'

IF I DON'T GET A GREAT BIG HUG AND A NICE JUICY KISS THIS VERY MINUTE... I'M GOING TO DISA HOLE AND PUT YOU IN AND BURY YOU ALI-

HERB! STOP IT!



'HERB NEVER MADE MUCH MONEY AND I WAS PRETTY HARD ON HIM! WE BEGAN TO ARGUE A LOT! THAT'S WHEN HE STARTED TO THREATEN ME...'

LEAVE ME ALONE, MYRNA! I DO THE BEST I CAN! THERE'S JUST NO CHANCE FOR ADVANCEMENT RIGHT NOW!

LOOK AT ME! I HAVEN'T BOUGHT A NEW DRESS IN MONTHS!



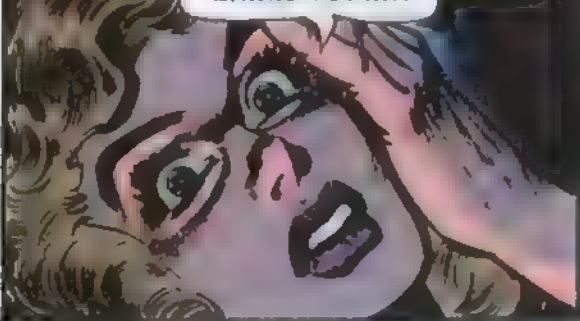
I'LL BUY YOU A NEW DRESS... WHEN I BURY YOU ALIVE!

STOP IT, HERB! STOP TALKING LIKE THAT!



MYRNA GASPED! THE HUMMING WAS LOUDER NOW! SHE FELT A WAVE OF NAUSEA SWEEP OVER HER... FELT HERSELF SPINNING DIZZILY...

AND HE DID IT! HERB FINALLY DID IT! I'M GOING TO DIE! BURIED ALIVE! HE'S BURIED ME ALIVE LIKE HE BURIED ME IN THAT STINKING MINING TOWN...



'...HERB TALKED ME INTO MOVING TO THAT ROTTEN HOLE... MILES FROM NOWHERE... AND I FOOLISHLY WENT! HE'D BEEN OFFERED A JOB WITH A CHANCE FOR ADVANCEMENT! WE HAD TO DRIVE THREE DAYS OVER BAD ROADS TO REACH IT...'

WELL, MYRNA, THIS IS IT! IT ISN'T MUCH, BUT THE PAY IS GOOD, AND IN NO TIME AT ALL.

IT'S HORRIBLE... SOB! HORRIBLE! NOTHING BUT A DIRTY SHANTY TOWN! THAT'S ALL.



I WAS CRAZY TO HAVE LISTENED TO HIM! BUT I WAS TRAPPED! I HAD TO STAY! EVERY DAY HERB WOULD GO OFF TO THE ORE-PITS AND LEAVE ME IN THAT FILTHY NOVEL I WAS FORCED TO CALL HOME...

I HATE IT HERE! HATE IT!



AND THEN I MET ANDY! ANDY WORKED WITH HERB ONE NIGHT. HERB BROUGHT HIM HOME TO DINNER...

THIS IS MY WIFE MYRNA! MONEY! MEET ANDY GARSON!

HOW DO, MYRNA?

HELLO!



I DON'T KNOW WHY IT HAPPENED, OR HOW IT HAPPENED! PERHAPS I WAS SORED WITH HERB... BORED WITH THE DRAB LIFE I WAS LIVING! ANYWAY, I FELL IN LOVE WITH ANDY GARSON...

LOOK, MYRNA! THIS IS WRONG! ALL WRONG!

HERB'S AT THE ORE-PITS, ANDY! HE'LL BE GONE TILL MIDNIGHT! KISS ME!



I SAW ANDY EVERY CHANCE I COULD GET! I'D MAKE SOME EXCUSE AND GO FOR A WALK... AND MEET HIM WHERE WE WOULDN'T BE SEEN...

WHAT ABOUT HERB, MYRNA? DOES HE SUSPECT?

NOT A BIT! HE'S TOO STUPID... TOO BLIND!



BUT I WAS MISTAKEN! HERB DID SUSPECT! ONE NIGHT...

I'D BETTER GO, MYRNA! HERB'LL BE COMING OFF HIS SHIFT SOON!

YES! KISS ME GOOD-NIGHT, ANDY DARLINGS!



HERB MUST HAVE GONE OFF HIS SHIFT EARLY THAT NIGHT, INTENDING TO CATCH US! AS ANDY TOOK ME IN HIS ARMS, THE FRONT DOOR SWUNG OPEN...

HERB!

TAKE YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF HER, GARSON!



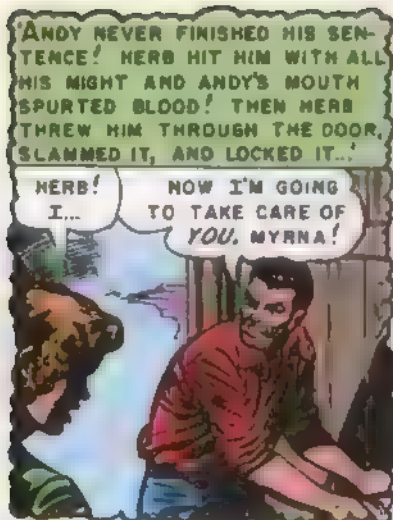
HERB WAS MAD.. STEAMING MAD! I TRIED TO SAY SOMETHING...

WE... WE WERE GOING TO TELL YOU, HERB! WE...

SHUT UP! GET OUT, GARSON! GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!

HOLD ON A MINUTE, HERB! I...

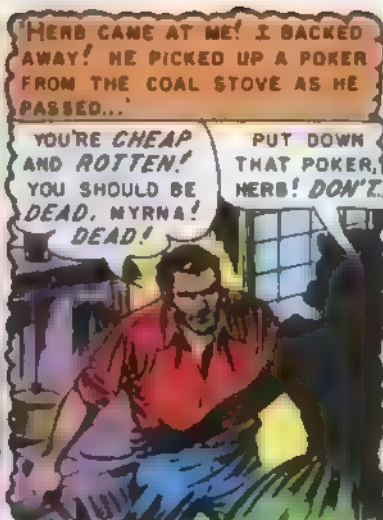




ANDY NEVER FINISHED HIS SENTENCE! HERB HIT HIM WITH ALL HIS MIGHT AND ANDY'S MOUTH SPURTED BLOOD! THEN HERB THREW HIM THROUGH THE DOOR, SLAMMED IT, AND LOCKED IT...

HERB!
I...

NOW I'M GOING
TO TAKE CARE OF
YOU, MYRNA!



HERB CAME AT ME! I BACKED AWAY! HE PICKED UP A POKER FROM THE COAL STOVE AS HE PASSED...

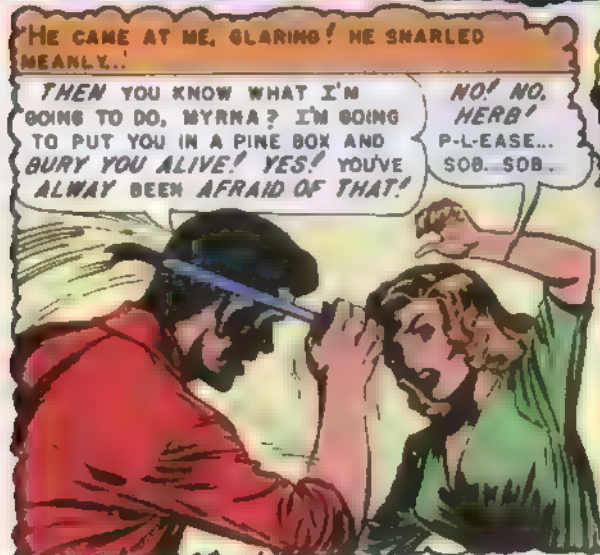
YOU'RE CHEAP
AND ROTTEN!
YOU SHOULD BE
DEAD, MYRNA!
DEAD!

PUT DOWN
THAT POKER,
HERB! DON'T...



I'M NOT GOING
TO KILL YOU WITH
IT, MYRNA! NO!
THAT'S TOO SHORT...
TO GOOD FOR YOU!
I'M JUST GOING TO
PUT YOU OUT
FOR A WHILE...

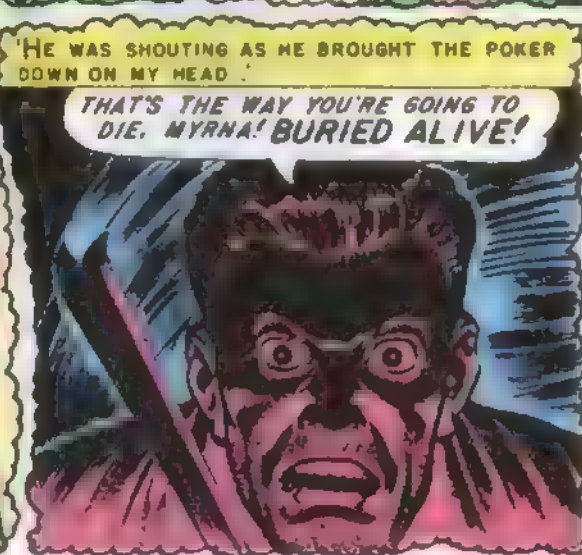
PLEASE,
HERB!
I'M
SORRY!
I STILL
LOVE
YOU!
PLEASE!



HE CAME AT ME, GLARING! HE SNARLED MEANLY...

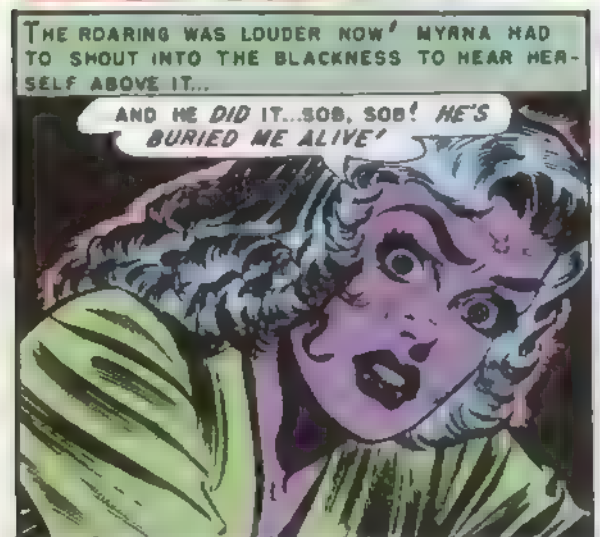
THEN YOU KNOW WHAT I'M
GOING TO DO, MYRNA? I'M GOING
TO PUT YOU IN A PINE BOX AND
BURY YOU ALIVE! YES! YOU'VE
ALWAY BEEN AFRAID OF THAT!

NO! NO,
HERB!
P-LEASE...
SOB...SOB...



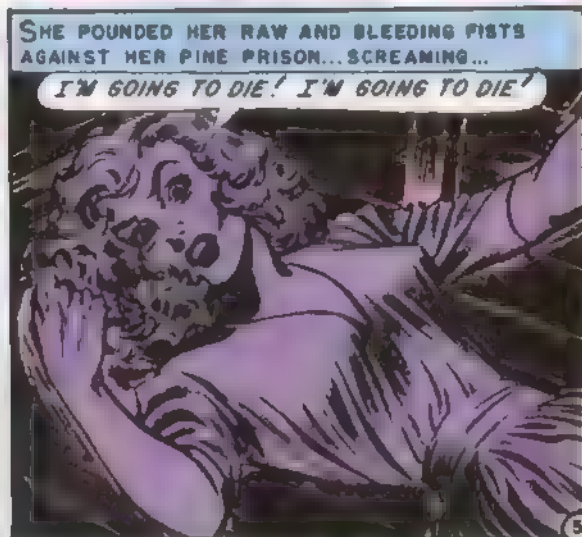
HE WAS SHOUTING AS HE BROUGHT THE POKER DOWN ON MY HEAD...

THAT'S THE WAY YOU'RE GOING TO
DIE, MYRNA! BURIED ALIVE!



THE ROARING WAS LOUDER NOW! MYRNA HAD TO SHOUT INTO THE BLACKNESS TO HEAR HERSELF ABOVE IT...

AND HE DID IT...SOB, SOB! HE'S
BURIED ME ALIVE!



SHE POUNDED HER RAW AND BLEEDING FISTS AGAINST HER PINE PRISON...SCREAMING...

I'M GOING TO DIE! I'M GOING TO DIE!

MYRNA WAS CRACKING NOW! THE TERROR OF THE SITUATION...THE HORROR OF HER IMPENDING DEATH...HER ABNORMAL FEAR OF WHAT SHE NOW ACTUALLY FACED. ALL ADDED UP TO THE BREAKING POINT...

YAAAAAAEEAAGHH!



BACK AT THE MINING TOWN, IN THE SHACK THEY'D CONVERTED TO A JAIL, ANDY AND SEVERAL OTHERS QUESTIONED HERB...

IF SHE DIES, HERB, YOU'LL GO ON TRIAL FOR MURDER!

I...I COULDN'T HELP IT! I SAW RED! I HIT HER WITH THE POKER!

LUCKY FOR YOU THE MAIL-PLANE WAS IN, HERB!



YEAH, DOC I KNOW! DO YOU THINK SHE'LL PULL THROUGH?

DON'T KNOW FOR SURE! IF THEY CAN GET HER TO THE HOSPITAL AT BUTTE IN TIME, AN OPERATION COULD SAVE HER!

PRETTY CLEVER OF ANDY, EH, DOC?



YOU MEAN SUGGESTING WE FLY HER DOWN LIKE THEY EVACUATE THE WOUNDED OVER IN KOREA? YEAH! THAT PLANE COULD NEVER HOLD A STRETCHER INSIDE!

BUT HOOKIN' THAT BOX ON THE OUTSIDE... THAT DID THE TRICK!



ON THE AIRFIELD IN BUTTE, A SMALL MAIL-PLANE STANDS QUIETLY. FASTENED TO ITS SIDE IS A LARGE PINE BOX, SOMEWHAT RESEMBLING A COFFIN. THEY'VE OPENED THE BOX NOW, TO REMOVE MYRNA AND RUSH HER TO THE HOSPITAL. BUT MYRNA DOESN'T SEE THE BLUE SKY ABOVE HER. IN HER MIND, SHE STILL HEARS THE DROWNING SOUND. STILL SEES THE BLACKNESS AROUND HER. SHE BEATS HER RAW AND BLOODY FISTS AT THE AIR...

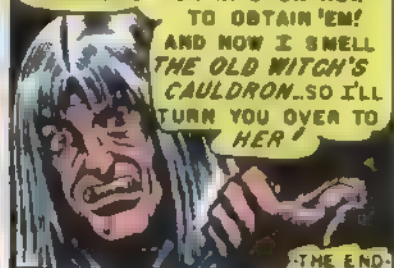
BURIED...ALIVE... BURIED...ALIVE... BUR...BU...B...B... EN...EH...EH...EH...

POOR WOMAN! THE BLOW MUST HAVE DAMAGED HER BRAIN!

SHE'S COMPLETELY OUT OF HER MIND!



HEH, HEH! YEP! MYRNA'S CRAZY AS A LOON, NOW! THEY'VE PUT HER AWAY IN A PADDED CELL SO SHE WON'T BREAK HER FISTS AS SHE POUNDS THE WALLS! AND YOU'LL POUND THE WALLS WHEN YOU GET MY BLASTED BACK ISSUES! THEY'RE GOOD READING! READ MY COLUMN, THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER, FOR INFO ON HOW TO OBTAIN 'EM! AND NOW I SMELL THE OLD WITCH'S CAULDRON...SO I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO HER!



THE END

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! I'M COOKIN' AGAIN! SMELL THE FETID ODOR? IT'S THE EVIL BREW IN MY CAULDRON! COME IN! COME INTO THE HAUNT OF FEAR! YES IT'S YOUR SHIVER-CHEF, THE OLD WITCH, READY TO DISH OUT ANOTHER CREEPY CONCOCTION OF SLIMY SAMPLINGS! HEE, HEE! SO DRAW UP CLOSE TO THE FIRE... KNEEL DOWN SO YOUR KNEES WON'T KNOCK FASTEN YOUR DROOL CUPS... TUCK YOUR SHROUDS UNDER YOUR CHINS AND I'LL FEED YOU THE MORBID MORSEL OF MELODRAMATIC MADNESS I CALL...

A SUCKER FOR A SPIDER!



MAXWELL STONEMAN, PRESIDENT OF THE COUNTY BANK AND TRUST COMPANY, PUSHED HIS CHAIR AWAY FROM THE ELABORATELY SET DINNER TABLE IN THE DINING ROOM OF HIS LUXURIOUS MANSION! HE GRINNED DOWN AT HIS DINNER GUEST THE BANK'S CHIEF TELLER, RANDOLPH SPURD...

COME, SPURD! BEFORE WE HAVE OUR COFFEE, I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING! SOMETHING I THINK YOU'LL BE VERY INTERESTED IN! MY COLLECTION OF RARE SPIDERS!

SPIDERS! OH, DEAR!



WEALTHY BANKER STONEMAN LED HIS MEER LOOKING CHIEF TELLER THROUGH THE RICHLY FURNISHED LIVING ROOM INTO A GLASS-WALLED GREEN-HOUSE

SPIDERS HAVE BEEN I, I DIS-
MY HOBBY FOR YEARS, LIKE
SPURD! I'VE SPECI- MR.
MENS FROM ALL SPIDERS,
OVER THE WORLD! STONEMAN!



COVERING ONE WALL OF THE GREEN-HOUSE WAS A LINE OF GLASS CASES! EACH CASE CONTAINED A SOIL BOTTOM AND WAS ARTISTICALLY PLANTED WITH FOLIAGE...

I LOVE THEM, SPURD!
AN AMAZING CREA-
TURE... THE SPIDER!
TAKE THIS ONE
FOR EXAMPLE...

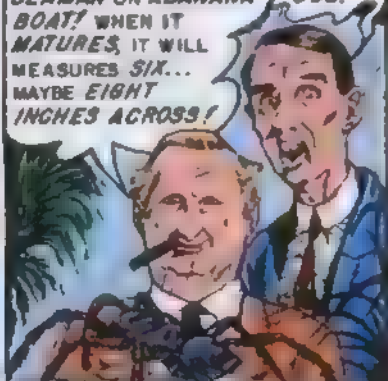
UGH!
IT GIVES
ME THE
SHIVERS!



MAX STONEMAN POINTED THROUGH THE FRONT GLASS OF ONE OF THE CASES! INSIDE, A HUGE, HAIRY, EIGHT-LEGGED CREATURE CROUCHED ON A BROAD LEAF...

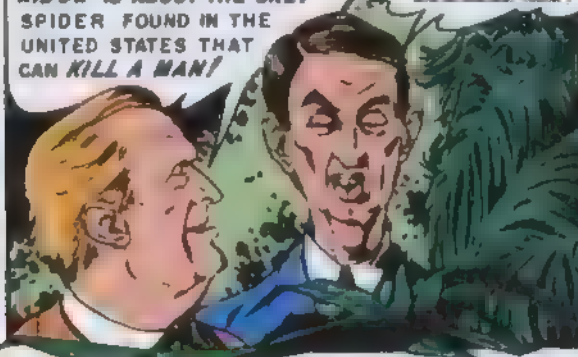
THIS IS A TARANTULA!
I GOT THIS ONE FROM A
SEAMAN ON A BANANA
BOAT! WHEN IT
MATURES, IT WILL
MEASURES SIX...
MAYBE EIGHT
INCHES ACROSS!

IS IT.
POISON-
OUS!



IT CAN STING YOU PRETTY BADLY,
BUT ITS BITE ISN'T TOO TOXIC!
IT'S ABOUT AS BAD AS A WASP'S
BITE! THERE AREN'T MANY
SPIDERS WHOSE BITES ARE
POISONOUS! THE BLACK
WIDOW IS ABOUT THE ONLY
SPIDER FOUND IN THE
UNITED STATES THAT
CAN KILL A MAN!

I'M DEATHLY
AFRAID OF
SPIDERS, MR.
STONEMAN! CAN'T
WE THAT IS...
CAN'T WE TALK
ABOUT SOMETHING
ELSE?



BANKER STONEMAN TOOK HIS CHIEF TELLER BY THE ARM AND LED HIM TO ANOTHER CASE

LATER, SPURD! FIRST I MUST SHOW
YOU THE PRIZE OF MY COLLECTION!
HERE... IN THIS CASE! IT'S A
VERMULA SPIDER! A
VERY RARE VARIETY.

WHAT A
LOVELY WEB
IT'S SPUN!



MR STONEMAN REACHED DOWN BELOW THE SPIDER-CASE AND PICKED UP A LARGE JAR COVERED AT THE TOP WITH CHEESECLOTH

I WANT YOU TO WATCH WHAT THE
VERMULA DOES TO ONE OF ITS
VICTIMS, SPURD! THIS IS A
BOTTLE OF FLIES!

PLEASE, MR.
STONEMAN!
DON'T...



MAXWELL STONEMAN CAPTURED ONE OF THE IMPRISONED FLIES FROM THE JAR AND HELD IT IN HIS CLOSED FIST! THEN HE OPENED THE SPIDER CASE AND FLUNG THE UNFORTUNATE INSECT INTO THE VERMULA'S WEB

THERE! HEH, HEH! SEE HOW
THE LITTLE FELLOW STICKS
THERE!

POOR THING! IT'S
STRUGGLING TO
FREE ITSELF!



THE TRAPPED FLY TWISTED AND TURNED IN AN EFFORT TO TEAR ITSELF FROM THE WEB...

IT WON'T GET LOOSE, SPURD! THE VERMULA'S WEB IS COVERED WITH A THICK ADHESIVE COATING!

THE SPIDER'S COMING!

YES! NOW...WATCH! SEE HOW THE VERMULA SINKS ITS FANGS INTO THE FLY? IT PARALYZES ITS VICTIM

OH...DEAR!

THEN IT BEGINS TO SPIN A COVERING AROUND THE FLY! SEE? SEE HOW IT TURNS THE FLY OVER AND OVER, SPINNING ITS WEB AROUND IT LIKE A COCOON?

AND THE FLY? IS IT STILL ALIVE?

EXACTLY! THE VERMULA WILL KEEP THE FLY THAT WAY UNTIL IT IS READY TO EAT IT! AT THAT TIME IT WILL INJECT THE FLY WITH AN ENZYME WHICH ACTS AS A PRE-DIGESTION AGENT! THEN THE SPIDER MERELY SUCKS UP THE LIQUIFIED INSIDES OF THE FLY, LEAVING ONLY A DRY OUTER SHELL, WHICH IT DISCARDS!

UGH! HOW DISGUSTING!

YOU LOOK SHOCKED, AND CRUEL OF YOU SPURD!

I AM, SIR! AND I THINK IT'S SADISTIC TO THROW THOSE POOR FLIES INTO THAT VICIOUS SPIDER'S WEB!

COME, COME, MAN! I'VE GOT THAT VERMULA IN A CASE! IN ITS NATURAL HABITAT IN THE SOUTHERN SWAMPS OF NORTH AMERICA, IT WOULD NORMALLY TRAP FLIES IN ITS WEB!

IT'S REVOLTING!

DON'T BE SILLY, SPURD! THAT'S NATURE! YOU KNOW... DOG EAT DOG! IN THIS CASE IT'S SPIDER EAT FLY! THAT'S THE WAY IT SURVIVES! AND WE ALL STRUGGLE TO SURVIVE! WE'VE ALL GOT TO BE LIKE THAT SPIDER...IN A WAY!

PERHAPS... PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR! I...I NEVER THOUGHT OF IT THAT WAY! H'MMM!

RANDOLPH SPURD FOLLOWED HIS EMPLOYER OUT OF THE GREENHOUSE INTO THE LUXURIOUS LIVING ROOM...

ALL RIGHT, SPURD!
WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?
YOU INVITED YOUR-
SELF HERE TONIGHT!
WHAT'S UP?

WELL, SIR! I... I'VE
NOTICED SOMETHING
WRONG AT THE BANK...
SOMETHING TERRIBLY
WRONG!

OH? IT'S THE BOOKS, SIR! THEY DON'T
BALANCE! IN FACT... I WOULD SAY
SOMEONE IS... ER... STEALING FROM
THE BANK, SIR! I CAME HERE TONIGHT
TO... ER... WARN YOU! YOU SEE... I
KNOW WHO THAT SOMEONE IS!

YOU...
YOU
DO?

YES, MR. STONEMAN!
WHEN I FIRST CAME
TONIGHT, I INTENDED
TO LET YOU KNOW I
KNEW ABOUT THE DIS-
CREPANCY IN THE BOOKS
SO THAT YOU COULD
REPLACE THE MONEY
AND NOTHING MORE
WOULD BE SAID!

ARE
YOU
ACCUS-
ING
ME,
SPURD?

...BUT, AFTER HEAR-
ING YOUR TALK
TONIGHT... ABOUT
SPIDER EAT FLY...
DOG EAT DOG... I'VE
DECIDED TO FORGET
THAT I NOTICED
ANYTHING WRONG...

OH?

...FOR, SAY... FIVE
THOUSAND DOLLARS!
THAT ISN'T MUCH,
MR. STONEMAN, COM-
PARED TO FIFTY-
TWO THOUSAND!

SO... IT'S BLACK-
MAIL, IS IT? YOU
WANT A PAYOFF,
EH?

LET US CALL IT A
STRUGGLE TO SURVIVE.
SIR! YOU PAY ME... AND
YOU SURVIVE! LIKE YOU
SAID, SIR... IT'S NATURE!

THERE WAS A MOMENT OF SILENCE, AND THEN
MAXWELL STONEMAN BEGAN TO LAUGH! HIS
ROARS OF MIRTH ECHOED THROUGH THE HUGE
HOUSE...

HEH... HEH! ALL RIGHT,
SPURD! YOU WIN! I'M
PROUD OF YOU! I
DIDN'T THINK YOU
HAD IT IN YOU! FIVE
GRAND, EH? IT'S
A DEAL!

AND EVERY-
THING STAYS
EXACTLY AS
IT WAS! I
KEEP MY JOB!
THAT'S IN THE
DEAL, TOO!



OF COURSE, SPURD!
OF COURSE! NO
HARD FEELINGS!
I'M TRAPPED...LIKE
THAT FLY! YOU'VE
WON!

GOOD! THEN
I'LL BE
GOING!



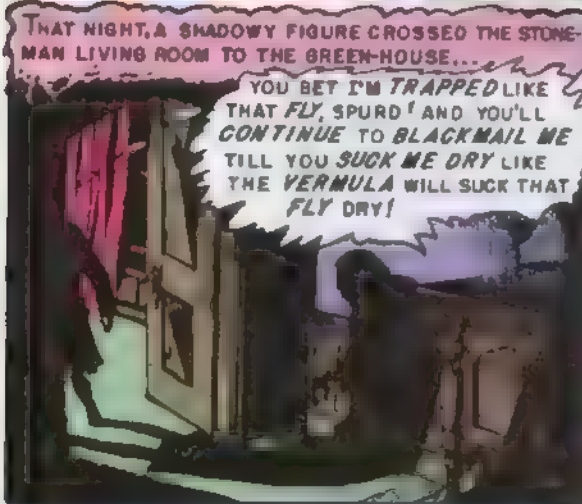
DON'T BE SILLY! YOU'LL
STAY THE NIGHT! WE'LL
DRIVE IN TOGETHER
IN THE MORNING! NO
USE GOING NOW! IT'S
SO LATE!

I DON'T
KNOW



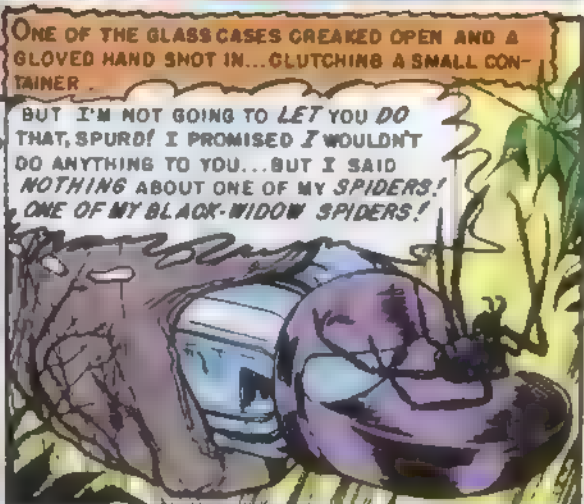
DON'T WORRY, SPURD!
I'M NOT GOING TO TRY
ANYTHING! I'D BE A
FOOL!

YES, MR.
STONE MAN!
YOU WOULD
BE! ALL
RIGHT! I'LL
STAY!



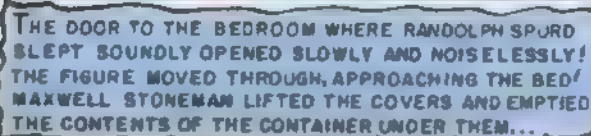
THAT NIGHT, A SHADOWY FIGURE CROSSED THE STONE-
MAN LIVING ROOM TO THE GREEN-HOUSE...

YOU BET I'M TRAPPED LIKE
THAT FLY, SPURD! AND YOU'LL
CONTINUE TO BLACKMAIL ME
TILL YOU SUCK ME DRY LIKE
THE VERMULA WILL SUCK THAT
FLY DRY!



ONE OF THE GLASS CASES CREAKED OPEN AND A
GLOVED HAND SHOT IN...GLUTCHING A SMALL CON-
TAINER.

BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU DO
THAT, SPURD! I PROMISED I WOULDN'T
DO ANYTHING TO YOU...BUT I SAID
NOTHING ABOUT ONE OF MY SPIDERS!
ONE OF MY BLACK-WIDOW SPIDERS!



THE DOOR TO THE BEDROOM WHERE RANDOLPH SPURD
SLEPT SOUNDLY OPENED SLOWLY AND NOISELESSLY!
THE FIGURE MOVED THROUGH, APPROACHING THE BED!
MAXWELL STONEMAN LIFTED THE COVERS AND EMPTIED
THE CONTENTS OF THE CONTAINER UNDER THEM...

THERE, LITTLE BLACK-WIDOW! I'VE AGGRAVATED
YOU AND TORMENTED YOU! NOW TAKE YOUR
ANGER OUT ON HIM!



AS BANKER STONEMAN SLIPPED OUT INTO THE HALL
AND CLOSED THE BED-ROOM DOOR, AN EAR-SPLITTING
SCREAM, ECHOED THROUGH THE MANSION...

EEEEAAAGH!



HEH
HEH!

THE NEXT MORNING, THE POLICE CAME AN ANSWER TO MAXWELL STONEMAN'S 'FRANTIC' PHONECALL! THEY QUESTIONED MAX ABOUT RANDOLPH SPURD'S UNFORTUNATE DEATH! MAX WAS 'HEARTBROKEN'...

THE DOC SAYS A BLACK-WIDOW KILLED HIM, MR. STONEMAN! HAVE YOU ANY IDEA HOW THE SPIDER GOT OUT OF ITS CASE?

NO! I SHOWED MR. SPURD MY COLLECTION LAST NIGHT! PERHAPS THE CASE DOOR WAS LEFT OPEN!

THE POLICE INSPECTOR HAMMERED AWAY, BUT COULD PROVE NOTHING...

I INVITED HIM TO MY HOUSE SOCIALLY! I DO THAT OFTEN FOR MY EMPLOYEES! I LIKE TO MAKE THEM FEEL I AM THEIR FRIEND AS WELL AS THEIR EMPLOYER!

OKAY, MR STONEMAN! THAT'LL BE ALL! WRAP IT UP, BOYS! JUST AN ACCIDENT! THAT'S ALL!

BUT MAXWELL STONEMAN DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY THE POLICE INSPECTOR EYED HIM! MAX DECIDED IT MIGHT BE BETTER TO GET OUT OF THE STATE FOR A FEW MONTHS TILL THE INCIDENT WAS FORGOTTEN...

YOUR PLANE IS READY, MR. STONEMAN! GOING SOUTH?

YES, GEORGE! GOING TO MIAMI FOR A FEW MONTHS!

MR. STONEMAN OWNED HIS OWN PLANE! HE WAS AN EXPERT PILOT, FLYING IT ALL OVER THE COUNTRY FOR BUSINESS AND PLEASURE! THE NEXT DAY, HIGH OVER GEORGIA...

WOULD BE IN MIAMI IN TWO HOURS! THAT'S THE OKEFENOKEE SWAMP DOWN THERE NOW!...I...

SUDDENLY, THE ENGINE SPUTTERED AND DIED! THE PLANE BEGAN TO LOOSE ALTITUDE...

GOOD LORD! THE ENGINE'S KONKED OUT! I'M GOING DOWN!

MAX TUMBLED OUT OF THE TINY PLANE'S DOOR AS IT WENT INTO A SPIN! HIS CHUTE MUSHROOMED OPEN AND HE BEGAN TO FLOAT LAZILY TOWARD THE FOREBODING SWAMP BELOW...

NOT A SIGN OF A ROAD OR A CABIN! I'M RIGHT OVER THE WORST SECTION OF THE OKEFENOKEE...THE PART THAT NO MAN IS SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO FIND HIS WAY OUT OF!

MAX DROPPED INTO A THICKLY OVERGROWN SPOT! HIS CHUTE SNARLED IN A MOSS-LADEN CYPRESS TREE AND HE HUNG HELPLESSLY, DANGLING ABOVE THE STAGNANT FOUL-SMELLING WATER...

I'VE GOT...TO...CUT MYSELF LOOSE! THANK GOODNESS I HAVE A KNIFE!

BANKER STONEMAN HACKED AWAY AT THE CHUTE CORDS UNTIL HE CUT HIMSELF FREE! HE PLUNGED DOWNWARD TOWARD THE SWAMP SURFACE! SUDDENLY...

MAX LOOKED AROUND! HE SEEMED TO BE LYING UPON SOME SORT OF HUGE NET! HE STRUGGLED TO FREE HIMSELF...

THE NET! IT'S ALL STICKY! IT...IT'S LIKE A... A HUGE SPIDER WEB!

WHAT THE...? I'VE FALLEN INTO SOMETHING!



THE MORE MAXWELL STONEMAN TRIED TO ESCAPE, THE MORE HOPELESSLY ENTANGLED HE BECAME! SUDDENLY A MOVEMENT CAUGHT MAX'S EYE! A HUGE HAIRY SHAPE LOOMED UP BEFORE HIM...

THE DISGUSTING THING SPRANG AT MAX, BURYING ITS DRIPPING FANGS IN HIS CHEST! HE FELT A KNIFING CHILL CREEP OVER HIS BODY! THEN THE BIGANTIC SPIDER BEGAN TO COVER HIM WITH ITS MILKY WHITE SPINNINGS...

OH, NO! NO! A VERMULA SPIDER!

HE-E-E-L-P-P!

I...I'M PARALYZED! I CAN'T MOVE! THE VERMULA! IT'S... IT'S WEAVING ITS COCOON AROUND ME!



WHEN THE WRECKAGE OF BANKER STONEMAN'S PLANE WAS SPOTTED BY AN AIRLINE PILOT DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE OKEFENOKEE SWAMP, HELICOPTERS BROUGHT A SEARCHING PARTY IN! THEY FINALLY FOUND HIM...OR WHAT WAS LEFT OF HIM...

HE...HE SEEMS TO BE COVERED WITH SOME SORT OF SILKY WHITE STUFF!

PROBABLY WHAT'S LEFT OF HIS CHUTE!

HE'S NOTHING BUT A DRIED-UP SHELL! ALL OF HIS FLESH AND GUTS SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN SUCKED OUT OF HIS BODY...

ANTS!

ANTS, NUTHIN'! HEE, HEE! MAXEY YELLED UNCLE BEFORE THAT SPIDER GOT THROUGH WITH HIM! WHAT? YOU DOUBT THAT A VERMULA SPIDER THAT SIZE EXISTS IN THE OKEFENOKEE? WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE A TRIP DOWN THERE WITH ME SOMETIME...AND SEE? HEE, HEE! I'LL LET YOU TALK TO AN OLD GUIDE DOWN THERE! HE'LL

TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME HE WAS OUT HUNTING DUCK AND SPIED 'ER! 'BYE, NOW! WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN THAT RAG THE VAULT OF HORROR!





LET ME BRING YOU UP TO DATE! THE 32-PG FACSIMILE REPRINTS OF THE **EC COMICS** OF THE 50s IS PROCEEDING APACE! GET UP TO SPEED! NEW TO THE LINE IS **FRONTLINE COMBAT** (IT REPLACES **WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY/INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION**, WHICH IS STILL AVAILABLE AS BACK ISSUES. SEE THE INFO AT THE END OF THE LETTER COLUMN IN THIS COM-IC!). SO, WHAT ARE YOU SITTING THERE FOR?!

SUBSCRIBE!

PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE
MISSOURI RESIDENTS MUST ADD 6.225% SALES TAX
CALIFORNIA RESIDENTS ADD 7.25% SALES TAX (SAN DIEGO COUNTY 7%)

ALL SUBS START WITH "NEXT" ISSUE
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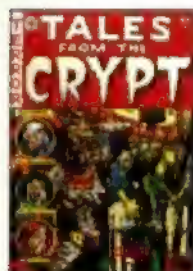
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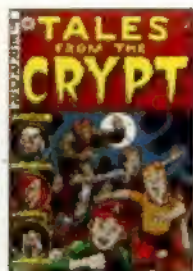
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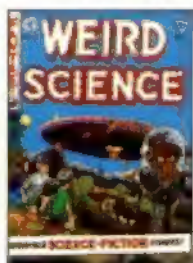
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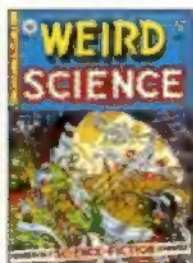
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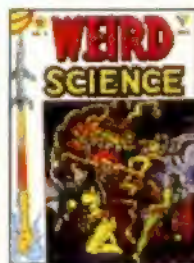
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